as being my wife," the man snarled

Mrs. Villard sprang to the door and

"He is a beast" said Mrs. Villard

Could she have seen Ned at that mo

Slowly and with infinite pain Ned

finally freed his hands. They were

his gag in place. It seemed ages before

age. He removed the tight thongs from

found an obscure roadhouse, and

the starting button and sped away.

o'clock in the afternoon.

Villard had plainly

## RUNAWAY JUNE

trips lightly from her car. a vision,

where Ned sat quietly in the corner.

Ned Warner stirred impatiently.

he made another determined attempt to

Huge Jens Jansen stopped Ned from

'I have the grand plan to dispose of our

Marie, in the pantry hall, stood wring

upon the hollow at her waist.

dared not leave Mr. Ned where he was!

She dared not do anything, and yet she

must! She burst out of the rear door,

was across the porch in two strides.

down the steps in one jump and went

door and went whizzing up the drive,

CHAPTER II.

At parting, Gilbert Blye held June's

and huge Jens Janssen.

Wide Jens reached his hand into his

The interloper is here. Volla!

'Well!" he said.

aper a photo-drama corresponding to the Installments of "Runaway June" may now be seen at the Star Theatre, By arrangements made with the Mutual Film Corporation, It is not only possible to read "Runaway June" each week, but also aferward to see moving pictures Illustrating our story.

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#### NINTH EPISODE. Kidnapped CHAPTER I

From his concealment amid the shrubas the brilliantly-lighted limousine, with its gay party of five, swept down the until they almost cut into his wrists. drive of the Villard home. His eyes were burning, he was breathing heavily. and his fingers were curved like claws, for in a moment more he intended to grapple by the throat the black-Vanlovely runaway bride.

At that instant three shadowy figures sprang also from amid the shrubbery, two men and a woman. There was no outcry and scarcely any struggle. Ned Warner found himself suddenly seized from behind, a rough sleeve across his mouth, his arms pinioned. He was liftd bodily and thrown as Gilbert Blye, with the grace and gallantry only possible to a polished man of the world, assisted the radiant June Warner from his

luxurious limousine. The deserted groom, his head still held in a vise-like grip and his mouth stop-ped, saw his bride enter the house, surrounded by the gay group, the darkly-handsome Blye on one side and the white-mustached Orin Cunningham on

It was Marie who made the gag to slip in Ned's mouth. Then Marie slip-ped back of the house. The two men, e apparently a chauffeur, referred to as Henri, and the other a gardener, picked Ned up and followed her. they passed the brightly-lighted library saw June's collie greet her with the height of canine joy, saw Cunningchauffeur and the gardener shrank back ately tall Villard. in among the bushes with their help-

whizzing down the drive. The man let He turned ponderously toward their caphimself in with a latchkey, and, with chanatly into the parlor.

ceptibly and a look of concern with muscles, flashed down across her gentle counten-

"That's my best trick," he drawled, classing Mrs. Villard perfunctorily. mademoiselle telephones from the pan-"Hello, Tommy! Howdy do, Blye?" Villard was impressed as his eyes fell near the hedge who must not come near

pon the fresh beauty of June. mademoiselle, who must not speak, to "Mr. Villard, Mrs. Warner." The in- whom nothing must be said, and all troduction was very cold, and again that must be prompt! Voila! I am Henri, concern flickered for a moment on Mrs. and all of action. I call my friend Jens." Villard's face as she saw her husband's And he tapped the huge Swede ap-"My companion." she provingly on the chest. "I bring my added, and Cunningham and formmy friend Jens swiftly by the mere force Thomas, glancing at each other, smiled, of my enthusiasm. We glide through With a careless nod to Cunningham, the bushes so, like a snake. No! Villard walked over to June, and, taking laughed and smote his friend Jens on go on this trip, her hand, held it while he smiled down the wide chest. "Like a snake and a "Shall we ta at her with such obvious admiration bull. We creep up behind the interloper. that the helpless bound and gagged man; We pounce upon him so, like a cat. No! bery Ned Warner rose to rush forward beyond the library window lurched free Like a cat and a hippopotamus. from his captors and tugged at his bonds bear him to the earth. Mademoiselle

Marie came tack from the corner and dream a ravishment!" And he wafted motioned. The chauffeur and the gar- a kiss to the general abstract of beauty dener followed with the husband of the "The charming mademoiselle is safe. beautiful young girl, who was then smiling her courteous responses to the disdyked face bent smilingly over Ned's solute Bert Villard. Marie sped quickly pocket for a pipe and glanced over to across the shadowy back lawn to the garage and opened the door.

"He's not to talk, and he's not to come near the house," she whispered as the here placidly. I shall smoke a cigarette; men passed her with their burden. She perhaps two. I shall think." caught Ned's indignant eves fixed on her, and that glare threw her into a gave another tug at the ropes which "Whatever you do, don't hurt bound his wrist, but it was only an inhim!" she hastily added. "Don't hurt voluntary test. He must rest before

Outside the door Marie paused. Her free himself. eyes were distended until they were He gave a sudden wrench at his tone was quite solicitous. She became fered in the attainment of it, even perfectly round, and her high-cheek bonds, struggling so flercely to loosen suddenly aware that Marie had been in though Ned suffered. Their love would bones gleamed white. She put the knuckles of her right hand against her door. teeth and looked over at the garage. She pulled at the lobe of her ear with falling. her left hand and looked in the house. She started back, and she started for ward, and she turned around in a half-She was well-nigh distracted and snapped the fingers of both hands. with the weight of her great secret, was Marie. If she told Miss Junie that Mr.

Ned was in the garage there'd be an end of everything, and maybe it would be all for the best, or Miss Junie might run away again from such comfortable deposited his violent load in the tonsurroundings, and it would be all for the neau. Marie sat down and pulled her the height of canine joy, saw Cunning-ham and Blye making friends with the the other thumb. The piano began a apron; then she dashed back into the ningham sit in a cosy corner with June succession of silvery notes. June was servants' hall and folded her arms tightand begin an animated tete-a-tete. The playing, and over her bent the inordin-

"Well!" said the gardener in the dimness of the garage, and he brushed his There came a high-powered racer arms. It was all the rest they needed. his hands in his pockets, strolled non- ner on a bench. The gardener's one word was a question, an exclamation Mrs. Villard, talking with Gilbert Blye of relief and an expression of complete and Tommy Thomas, turned, and as and thorough bewilderment. He was a she saw the newcomer her eyes widened broad Swede, and his arms hung crooked

"I know nothing," laughed the wiry little chauffeur. He was a Frenchman hand between both his and patted

"Well, Bert, you're a surprise," she with an infinitesimal mustache and a gently, his black eyes glowing down at from the room, followed by June and after repeated trials. Marle, more franquick eye and a childlike joy in every- her, and he was smiling upon her with Bouncer. They heard the man teletry to the garage that there is a man

"Tomorrow night at dinner," he said. packing her clothing her husband came took a train to the Villard place. It ner. There sat the runaway bride, lowering his voice the slightest particle along the hall. He stopped at the door. as if the remark were addressed in confidence to her, though the others were new line of work will pay you as well crowded eagerly round.

There was an instant of hesitation. "Then aboard the yacht!" exclaimed closed it in his face, and Villard laughed Tommy Thomas. She was looking at June, her deep red lips parted in a smile. June's cheeks paled. After all, as Mrs. Villard's companion it was her duty to something more. There was the sound "Shall we take Bouncer?" suggested denly buried her face in her hands and

the pleasantly-modulated voice of Blye.
"Of course, Bouncer shall go!" June
June declared, and this time the handsome her own apparel.

Money! Again June was face to face his tail so vigorously that his hind feet with another angle of that eternal problem, which, it seemed to her, had com-

There was instant gratification in the plicated the entire relationship of men and women. Mrs. Far away in the night Henri was and palpably sold herself, and the price speeding northward. Every now and is never great enough for any woman then he turned to look back and laugh, who has done that. Always in June's where Jens Janssen sat stolidly puffing his pipe, one immense hand constantly gave and the woman received, and her "Wait," replied Henri. "I shall sit on the arm or the knee of Ned Warner, very dependence made the question of "Voila!" cried Henri in high glee as matrimony one of essential barter and the sharp, night wind cut past his face. sale. It was wrong! It destroyed the "Well," grunted Jens in huge con- very source and fount of love.

there no remedy? June, shaken though June put herself into the hands of the she was by her painful experience of the myself, who'agitated Marie very thoughtfully after morning, was strengthened in her own the visitors had gone. resolve. The answer to the problem

"What is the matter, Marie?" June's was independence even though she sufthem that he rose and reeled toward the such a state of nervous excitement as be all the stronger for it, and it would she had never exhibited before. be pure always. "Nothing, Miss June!" Marie came slowly over, nervously kneading some ment all her theories and all her deduc-

The chauffeur laughed, and, springing knotted pink thing in her hands. from his seat in the touring car, he eyes are feverish. You must go to bed, she would have bathed with her tears jumped up, cracked his heels together Marle. Wait. Bring me my medicine the swollen wrist which he had just case and a glass of water. Meekly Marie took what June gave bound it. friend the interloper! We shall teach her, but later she dashed down the

him a ride of joy!" He pointed to a car. stairs and streaked across to the garage. Jens Janssen stooped and circled one arm around Ned Warner's middle and At that moment Ned Warner, his hands and feet still bound and his mouth and fumbled with the knot which held still gagged, was being gleefully deposited in a deserted woodcutter's shed in he was able to remove that tight bandthe middle of a vast bleak grove.

Through the trees the moonlight glinted around his ankles. He limped awkwardon distant water, and the shadows of ly for half a mile, bent and stooped like She the trees lay in fantastic, twisted pat- an old man, but exercise restored him, terns on the hillside. Dawn. The red glow of the sunrise, the dogged determination which had led filtering through the mist of the morning, stole in at the open door of the Vilswishing for the garage. As she came lard garage and found Marie, with her the touring car shot from the opposite fists folded under her arms and the tip

of her frosty nose in her elbow, loudly strode in at the saloon door Henry in front and in the tonneau Ned She limped over to the house, plodded up to her room, dressed herself with numb fingers and after half an hour of dull-eyed thought scrawled this note, which she laid on June's bed:

> Dear Miss Junie-I am feeling better, thank you. I hope you will excuse me if I take a few hours off. I will be back for lunch. Hoping you are the same, I remain, yours affec-

She tiptoed out and hurried down the aill to the station, where she caught the ures represented the price she had refirst commuters' train. Arriving at the city, she sought Officer Dowd and precity, she sought Officer Dowd and prevailed on him to phone Ned's friends and June's parents that Ned had been kid-had been taken into that debate, but she

June in a pretty little morning robe. was busy among the flowers in Mrs. great and saddening truth—that every Villard's boudoir window conservatory, woman's problem must be for herself and singing softly when she heard a alone. Villard towering above her, his hands in interpreter, had telephoned everywhere the pockets of his lounging robe, and he for news of Ned Warner, but without

was grinning. "Oh!" exclaimed June, startled "Good norning to June. That number did not answer "So this is friend wife's pretty new

companion," observed Villard. riend wife has excellent taste." June moved away 'Don't be in a hurry," he chuckled.

"We must get acquainted." and, sud-denly reaching forward, he put his hand under her chin and turned up her face She ferked away, but he closed the door toward which she darted and, gathering her in his long arms, crushed her to him, raining kiss after kiss upon her suddenly-cold cheek his light grey eyes flaming. June's struggles were futile and her shrieks muffled, but one pair of ears heard. There was a crash of glass the flash of a long, lithe, white and brown body through the room and then with an oath, Villard released his hold on the fainting girl. Bouncer! He had sunk his teeth into Villard's arms, and now he was a whirlwind of canine

The man turned pale with fear, kickng and striking at the enraged animal.

"Bouncer!" That cry from June saved Villard's fe, for the dog, with a yelp of joy, was springing for his throat as he fell. The man lay back. The dog stood still. The man's hand moved nervously. The collie moved precisely twitch a muscle from that time on, except to speak.

"Call off the dog!" he ordered. "Watch him, Bouncer," said June uletly. June rose from the chair into which

she had limply sunk, but a cold anger had come to replace her weakness. She walked from the room and, going to the house 'phone in the hall, called to the kitchen.

"Has Mrs. Villard returned?" she inquired of the maid who answered.

'Not yet. "Do you know where to reach her?" "Any one down at the cottages will unt her up and give her your message." "Ask her to come home immediately please. Tell her it is quite important.' She walked back to the boudoir and glanced in at the door. The two statues were as she had left them. At the sound of her footstep Bouncer wagged the tip of his tail, but not for one fleeting instant did he remove his fiery eyes from the pale grey eyes of Bert Villard. Mrs. Villard, hurrying up the stairs within a few moments, found June in the landing alcove white, shivering as if

with cold. "I'm sorry, Mrs. Villard, but I am gong at once," she said before the older woman had even a chance to speak. "Why, child"-Mrs. Villard's face was full of concern, but as she stared at June her brows knotted and a flush crept into her cheeks-"what-what is

the matter?" she faltered.

stairs. She turned. Mrs. Villard, without a word, followed her. Side by side the two women stood looking at man and the dog. Mrs. Villard needed no explanation to tell her what had happened. For the first time in her mar ried life she gave way to anger. "You heast!" she cried, her cheeks scarlet and her eyes flashing. "This is

June was already halfway up the

the last! I warned you to leave this girl alone! I hate you! I could see you torn o shreds! Go on, Bouncer!" The collie crouched at June's feet. "You forget!" husked the man. "We

ave a bargain! Mrs. Villard lowered her eyes for a "It is broken!" she suddenly flared. "You have paid me well, and I have served you well! But we were not to interfere with each other's life! You have interfered with mine! I am

hrough:
She stripped her hands of her and threw them at him. She

and sat down, as if she wished to say eyes was a very great weariness. of wheels at the door. Mrs. Villard sud-Henri. "He is watching the day per- to elutch her by the arm. haps. Such a headache!" And Henri essed his thumping brow. June left her sobbing and went to pack 'Where is Jens?'

was closed, locked.

more! He has had a fight, they say, telephone Ned." He has been licked, they say, The rmous ruffian who is strong enough to box my friend Jens has stolen the cided. machine. Here it is, Volla! Jens must But I do wish I had a good place to glass, and there was a firm set to his

and Lillian Chester

"Not tled!" "As you saw him, Mile. Marie." And Iris and Bobbie Blethering in a state

"Where is Mr. Ned?" she demanded.

blew a kiss to the sky. "It was well executed, mademoiselle. It was Henri, "You take me right out there," she "Brave!" he approved. "It is another

ood enterprise! I have enthusiasm!" "Then don't talk about it!" snapped denly cried Iris Blethering, and, jumping Marie, and lightly as a cat Henri climbed in front of Ned, she threw her arms over his spare tires nlumped into the about his neck and hung her weight seat beside Marie, and away they sped. upon him, while Bobbie, also frightened At 7:15 that night Bobbie and Iris "Your tions would have taken swift flight, and Blethering, the latter June Warner's countenance, impeded his progress on bosomest of bosom friends, strolled into the other side.
the Cafe New York. Suddenly Iris Ned had turned to shake off his clogfreed from the rough rope that had

that suave smile which she had come to phoning for his racer at a nearby gar- she was about to lose her mind, hur- her face was pale, but she could look. age, and while Mrs. Villard was still ried straight down to the station and She was staring at a table in the cor-

laughing and chatting happily with a Just as Marie was pondering over vivacious brunette, a pleasant-faced as she half-turned it to look back, this remarkable circumstance there lady of mature years, a dark, handsome saw her being kidnapped from under his came trudging down the drive a natty man with a black Vandyke, a pink- very eyes, and, bursting through the little figure, its limbs neatly incased in faced, white-mustached man who bore group which impeded him, he nade a leather leggings, its cap pushed on the all the evidences of a bon vivant and a dash among the tables and across the back of its head, but its tiny little mus. heavy, round-headed man with thick restaurant. tache all fuzzy. It was Henri, and in his eyellds!

Her moment of paralysis past, the es was a very great wearness.
"Where is Mr. Ned?" screamed Marie.
"Name of the good Lord!" groaned

June's table, and it was Bobbie's turn

June was frantically determined that

"In the woods." Henri waved his He was ready to start on any journey in search of June—and Gilbert Blye! When he arrived at the cafe he found

once more Henri was able to laugh. He of quivering excitement. "You're just in time!" gasped Iris. "They're leaving," said Bobbie All the pent-up murder which had seethed in Ned Warner's heart for days

flamed into his eyes as, with an oath he started for the table "Stop him, Bobbie! Stop him!" sudby the terrible expression of Ned's

By George Randolph Chester Both Cunningham and Ble paled as they saw that movement an what had

pulse they took her by the arns, one on each side, and turned her toward the corner entrance near which they had

"I won't go!" she declared and tried to hang back, but they forced her out of the door.

Ned Warner saw June's piteius face

Too late! He reached the corner entrance only in time to see Blye's luxurishe would not go where they were tak-"Look here," he whispered in her ing her. Mrs. Villard was pale and ear while he held her, "what can we panic-stricken, but the other three cardo? We interfered once and mussed it ried out their pretense of laughing ocer-"Vanished! I wake up. Jens is no all up. Now, the right thing to do is to cion. On the front seat with Scattl, Blye's wide-featured Italian chauffeur. telephone Ned.

"I'll sit right behind this post and watch that table!" Iris promptly decided. "You telephone, and hurry up.

Blye's wide-leatured Italan chauneur,
sat T. J. Edwards, the round-headed,
heavy man, and his thick-lidded eyes
peered constantly back through the thick lips

There was no one at the lonely dock upon which the swiftly-speeding limousine stopped abruptly, no one to hear or heed the call for help which June tried to send up above the noisy laugher of five of her companions, for now Edwards and Scatti joined budily in the ilarity.

There was a cold, stern wice in June's "We've had quite enough of this hy-

steria. You're going along!" It was the voice of Gilbert Blye It was he who, with Orin Cunningham,

forced her from a lonely dock into the motorboat which lay alongade, and in another moment all except Scatti were speeding swiftly away toward the long, low yacht which lay midway of the misty river!

## finally freed his hands. They were quivering as, with a mighty effort, he raised them to the back of his head and fumbled with the knot which held his gag in place. It seemed ages before



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### THE PICKFORD FAMILY IN THE MOVIES

Little Mary's Not the Only Pickford in the Spotlight now; There's Lottie and Jack. Sister and Brother of the Famed Star of the Photoplay---Fat. Jovial John Bunny: More About Him, His Inimitable Face ... An Epitaph in Verse, to the Once World Popular "Heavy" Man.

#### Three Pickfords In Pictures Now

nores and the Jeffersons are to the stage the Pickford family bids fair become in the photoplay. Mary Pickford has been the particular sar of the screen almost ever since there was a screen. And that doesn't mean such a very time, either, because Miss Pick-

ford is just 21 years old. However she started in when she was 15 years old. Not so many days ago a picture was exhibited Washington featuring a Lottie Pickford, and people were inform ed that Lottie was Mary's sister. A little later there came a picture with Jack Pickford, who was pre-

sented as Mary's brother, Now that all the Pickford family has been placed before the public, stars are to be made of them-at least a star is now being made of Lottie, who has had quite as long a stage and motion picture experi ence as Mary. Lottie Pickford's star has heretofore been a bit eclipsed by the work of her older sister. But she is coming into her own as a real leading lady. She has been satisfied to wait. She has never been a bit jealous

of Mary, she declares. Her style is entirely different than her famous sister's, she declares. As the star in "The Diamond in the Sky," the new American serial film-novel. Miss Pickford is to have the opportunity to create a big part. It was that that drew the attention of the editors of the Photoplay Magazine to her and in the June number of that periodical she tells a great about herself, and, incidentally, about the family. Among

things she relates: Daddy died when Jack was little baby. Mary and I were not much more, as Jack is only two years younger than I; my debut on the stage was made at the age of three years. Of course, I could tell you all about it, and what my ons were, except that I don't remember a thing; I do know, however, that mamma had no cinch making both ends meet and keeping three youngsters in clothing that would meet the approval

Anthony Comstock.
"Mary's story has been published lots of times, and mine is about the same. Usually when Mary had a good part, I understudied her both ways from Little

Olcott for three years, and I had my first chance as understudy for in 'The Fatal Wedding,' and made good. I had a dandy part in last year with Mr. playing Sheliah in Ragged Robin,' and at that time I got perfectly splendid notices, quite eclipsing Mary. I only mention that because

I really thad it on her then. "I went into pictures at the same time Mary did, about six years ago. My first part was that of the Cardinal's page in "The Cardinal's Snuff Box." It was with the Biograph Company, and I felt very proud because I appeared through. out the thousand feet of it. Since that time I have been with the Independents, Pathe, Vitagraph, Kalem and Famous Players, but I do not believe I will ever enjoy

anything so much as those first child parts. "Last January I came out to California with Mary and the Famous Players, I like the work in Los Angeles, but I know there was no change of getting very far with that company so long as they were featuring Mary, One Pickford at

time is enough for any company to feature; so the offer from the American at Santa Barbara received ready consideration.

have already turned episodes, although they will not be known as episodes or anything like that. As I under-"The Diamond From the Sky' will be the screening of a complete mystery novel, and it will take thirty-five weeks to finish it. So far they have not told us much about it. I guess they want us to help the public do the guessing, as they just carry us along

from chapter to chapter "One reason why I was so eager to take this offer was because I thought there would be a chance to do 'stunts,' like riding a motorcycle on a wild chase or taking an aeroplane flight, or high dives. But mamma says nothing doing on

the stunts.

Yorick is dead. Boy Hamlet walks for Beneath the battlements of Elsinore Where are those quiddities and capers

That used to set the table in a roar?

And do his bauble-bells beyond the clouds Ring out, and shake with mirth the planets bright? No doubt he brings the blessed dead

good cheer But silence broods on Elsinore tonight. That little elf. Ophelia, 8 years old. Upon her battered doll's stanch bosom

weeps. Oh, best of men, that wove glad fairy With tear-burned face at last the darling sleeps.

Hamlet himself could not give cheer or Though firm and brave, with his boy face controlled: For every game they started out to play

Yorick invented, in the days of old. The times are out of joint! Oh, curse The noble jester, Yorick, comes no

and Hamlet hides his tears in boyish By some lone turret-stair in Elsinore. Not so, but here in Springfield's crowded

The grocer's children miss their heart's delight.

The children of the wise and soundly their dead. John Bunny acts upon the films of

Springfield, Ill., April 26.

### Made World Laugh Never Caused Blush

Motion picture producers throughout the world will find much to profit them by studying the methods of the late John Bunny. The big. genial comedian-the author of the greatest amount of clean fun that has been exhibited on the screennever appeared in a picture that had the slightest taint of coarseness or vulgarity. The leader in what has been called the slapstick comedy, as well as the more quiet and refined sort, he never resorted to methods that were questionable to secure a

Coarseness and vulgarity have no place on the screen, There is not the slightest excuse for them, While a few people might laugh, in the long run they destroy not only

the value, the drawing power, of the comedian utilizing them, but likewise the company that permits him to use them in its production.

ably accounts for the imitative to produce the same kind of a thing

tions of the original. producers usually regard it as an attack on the slapstick style. Slapstick comedy is perfectly good comedy, many times. It is very laughclass of people representing practically every strata of society. should not turn out slapstick com-

edies to their hearts' content, so long as it is salable. duced a wide variety of comedy the very broadest character.

methods. the highest intelligence who like this sort of thing. There isn't the slightest reason why they shouldn't. have studied the subject, is that The slapstick comedy is primitive, elemental humor,

John Bunny will be held in pleasant memory by people of every na-tion. His name will be as great in the history of the photoplay as is that of Jefferson or Florence or John T. Raymond on the stage. And for the same reason. His methods were clean, wholesome, honest. The whole world laughed at him—no single person in it ever blushed be-cause of him, or had an unpleasant. unhealthy thought in connection with any play in which he appeared.

That, it seems to us, is about the finest epitaph that could be given a paid entertainer.

Comedy is the most difficult thing to secure for the motion picture so the producers tell us. They have the greatest trouble in finding good humorous subjects. This probcharacter of the comedy in most screen productions. One company finds a character that makes a hit with the people in the original reels -or a set of characters. And then most of the other companies attempt

-usually making rather poor imita-When unfavorable criticism has been evoked by a broad comedy the able, and is much in demand by a is no sane reason why producers

The objection we have to much of the slapstick that is being shown today is that it depends upon methods and situations that are in questionable taste. Some years ago one of the greatest money-making firms in the amusement business was the Hanlon Brothers. They prothe pure slapstick style. It had most limited mental effort was required to understand it-and yet it

was the cleanest, most enjoyable sort of comedy, for the reason that it never descended to questionable There are a number of people of The most laughable situation in the world, according to persons who created by a man or woman who slips and falls on a banana peeling. Such an incident, seen on the street, provokes a laugh from the most based upon the same principal; it

it is humor. And there is every reason why it should be continued. In his lifetime John Bunny realized this. Max Linder, the French comedian also realized it. And yet neither of them ever stopped to make anything else of it. They developed it, twisted it, revamped it, and got laugh after laugh of pure. innocent amusement. There is another comedian on the screen today, who, by his quaint figure, his ridiculous mannerisms, and his real comedy walk and general make-up, has the opportunity to make himself real comedy classic - provided he

sticks to legitimate comedy. His style is broadly slapstick. He can do it probably as well as anyone who has been seen on the stage or on the screen. But there has been a tendency to vulgarity and coarseness in the photoplays in which he has recently been seen that will soon destroy his usefulness as an entertainer if his methods are